had played in Germany in attacking the Versailles Treaty and the Weimar Republic.

We were not surprised by the complaints of some intellectuals about the bad manners of our High Command, vacillation in Washington's foreign policy, U.S. tariff policy, discrimination against Japanese immigration, limitation of trade with China, and so on. Nor were we surprised by the resentment of the proud nation against the enemy that had forced it to unconditional surrender. But despite all complaints, we found a great interest in, and even fondness for, the United States. The Japanese recognized that the United States was interested in maintaining their independence and had shown moderation and generosity toward them after the war. They remembered the days after the surrender when the American troops landed on their shores. The people were prepared to meet vengeful White Devils who would murder, rape their women, loot and burn the houses spared by air bombardment. Great was their surprise when the Americans turned out to be smiling big boys who gave chocolate bars and chewing gum to the children and canned food to the adults.

One of our Japanese friends told us of the arrival of an American regiment at a large industrial city. Men and equipment were moving in trucks. The concentration of troops on the city's outskirts was completed late in the afternoon, and the commanding officer decided to enter the city early the next morning. The panic-stricken municipal council decided to take measures to mollify the conquerors. The mayor drove to the camps with several truckloads of girls and offered them to the regiment, imploring the commander to spare the lives and honor of the rest of the female population. The gesture was in the best tradition of medieval Japan, and the mayor could not understand why the colonel rejected the offering and sent him back with his caravan, explaining that the Americans neither conduct war nor make love this way.

We left by a small steamer from Fukuoka to Osaka across the Japanese Inland Sea. The temperature dropped after sunset, and I was the only passenger on the open deck. A sailor approached me and, bowing, invited me to follow him to the sheltered pilothouse. Here were three men, apparently the helmsman and his mates. They smiled and let me understand that I would be more comfortable there than on deck. Then they showed me their modest equipment and navigation maps. A map in a special case with two movable rulers marked the course and position of the steamer. I noticed that the rulers had not been adjusted to the movement of the ship in the last hour or two. When I showed how I would adjust them, all three men were delighted, laughed, slapped me on the shoulder, and talked in unison. I could not understand a single word. One of them disappeared and re-